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OUR WORK.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1877. NO. 8.

CHRIST.

BY JOSIE FORD.

The co-existing planets, that at God's behest
Assumed their grand and silent march in endless space,
Caught up the thrilling note that heralded the birth
Of Him who, from a throne of majesty, in meek
Assent, to don mortal habiliments did deign,
And walk in humble paths amid the wiles of sin.
His priceless worth his carnal vesture could not hide.
His spirit, clothed in mortal garb, its destined end
Revealed, and put to shame the hardened steel that strove
To spill the blood that coursed its way through channels pure.
With doctrine wise the sage's pride he did abash;
Nor vaunt the burnished sceptre placed within his hand.
The solemn mien that graced his manhood's brow was fraught
With weighty cares and crowned with wreaths of lofty thoughts.
Imbued with power from source divine, that potentates
Would fain possess, he clothed himself in humble garb
And bowed his heart in contrite sanctity. And when
The lost and waiting world, enshrouded deep in gloom,
Beheld its king omnipotent, its heart
Of stone reviled and mocked the potentate. The proud
And fair Jerusalem, whose temples with their bright
And sparkling pinnacles and spires, bespoke its wealth,
Disdained his penury; and from its streets arose
The shout that scorned his burning tears, flowing for her
And for her wand'ring sons.
Amid the songs
Of humble partisans, with which were joined the oaths
And scoffs of men whose minds and thoughts were gone astray,
The musing eye that wakes at beauty's touch, and loves
To gaze where truth has left her shining trail, contemns
The crowded street and rabble crew, and rests at shrines,
Where rises incense from a purer source. Upon
The housetop, high above the busy haunts of men,
A pale and anxious woman stands. Up from the still
Home of imprisoned hopes and fears, amid whose sweet

And quiet joys the thoughtful mind delights to roam,
Come soft desires, as from afar; without the walls
Of proud Jerusalem come floating on the breeze
The loud hosannahs to the King of kings. She starts!
Behold, she clasps her hands in wild delight; and see,
Her eyes are bathed in crystal drops as down amid
The thronging mass the form of Him whose healing grace
She once did win is plainly seen! Oh, woman fair,
What love is thine! What wondrous faith, what gentle peace,
Thy bosom lull to rest! Clasp close thy treasure rare,
Though heaven fall and earth dissolve, beat on, thou heart
Of faith so strong, and hope that falters not, and love
That covets naught but truth's undying smile.
The scene
Is changed. Days and months have passed. Gethsemane
In solemn beauty stands. The listless olive-trees
Are motionless and hushed, save ever and anon
The night wind, agitated as by some ill-timed
Foreboding, stirs their gentle slumber. Stars that once
Rejoiced, in pity look from heaven. Luna casts
A dim light on the distant landscape. Far without
A band of armed soldiers come, whose torches gleam
Among the peaceful trees with fitful glare. With cold
And ruby drops upon his pale and haggard brow,
And rushing thoughts within his dizzy brain, his heart
With mortal sorrow overcharged, the Master prayed.
For wealth and fame and honor high, he did not seek,
But asked that God his righteous will might do.
Disciples, few and faint, apart beneath the rich
And verdant covering of trees, from sorrow fell
Asleep. That signal torch drew near. The men of God
Awoke. While fear ran o'er their quiv'ring, falt'ring nerves,
The humble Gallilean rose with face serene
And mild, went forth to meet his midnight guests.
He bared
His brow to cruel wrath, resigned his hands to chains.
His mute attendants went their way, and held nor spoke their peace.
Their Master, by relentless foe, was captive led,
And ushered, bound, before tribunal false and vain.
No one was near to plead his cause, no one to tell
His merits rich and rare. No word of self-defense,
No curse upon their guilty heads he prayed. He said,
With dignity divine, "I am the Son of God."
Then they whose king he was, the final word pronounced.
Though gifted more than sons of men with strength supreme,
He laid his burnished sceptre down and struggled up
The hights of mortal suffering. A coronet
He wore, reflecting naught but shame. The midday sun
In midnight gloom its glory hid, and hushed the voice
In silence deep, that loud proclaimed its magic might.

The worm in fear despised the sight and sought its own
Domains; while man, the best and noblest piece of God's
Own workmanship, an heir to immortality,
In taunts and jeers, gave vent to passions wild and fierce,
And asked that blood thus shed might rest on them and on
Their unborn progeny. The Prince of peace in calm
Submission died. His spirit basked again on hills
Of rest and bathed its spectral brow in water cool
And sweet.

Three days he walked with God, and then
The sepulchre in which his rigid clay was laid
Resigned its claim. The angel came from bliss and bade,
In spirit-voice, "The Father's will be done." With one
Triumphant shout, in which the hosts of heaven joined,
He banished death, and woke from hopeless night.

He walked
Amid the scenes of earth, and bared to men his wounds.
He showed that death no longer reigned supreme, that all
Might live in untold bliss through him. He spoke rich words
Of peace, and his disciples blessed. Ennobling words,
Such words as melt the stubborn heart and blind the eye,
He uttered. Then his final charge bestowed. On wings
Unseen he rose above the clouds and washed his torn
And bleeding pinions in the sea of endless rest.

And now let earth revive and cast its fetters down;
Let priests betray their false and worthless gods; let kings
Their strength deny; let nations live and die in faith;
Let man upon his banner stamp, in letters bright,
I fight for truth divine. Ajar is heaven's gate.

SUPERSTITION.

BY S. J. PARDEE.

Superstition is a hag that rides in darkness. She is the offspring of Ignorance and Fear, and has fully developed with her growth the qualities of both her parents. Unfortunately she has been very long lived, and it is now a question whether she will ever die. She has, however, met with her mortal enemy. She flees before the light of education, to dwell among the ignorant, even as the preying owl flees before the light of the sun to lurk in the shades of the forests. We now, occasionally, catch glimpses of her flight, and the time is not far gone by since she was a constant guest, not only in the houses of the poor, but in the habitations of kings. It is interesting to learn with what curious ideas this old hag filled the minds of her devoted subjects, a few of which we will mention, more, of course, for the purpose of instruction than amusement.

The choice of the third finger of the left hand for the wedding ring, is a problem that could never be solved without recourse to this mysterious being. It was a prevalent belief among the ancients that a

sympathetic nerve communicated directly from this finger to the heart, hence the propriety of giving this finger the preference. It was thought that the moment when the bridegroom placed the ring on the bride's finger was that which had the greatest influence on their after lives. If the ring stopped before it passed the second joint, the wife should rule; but if it was passed on to the right place at once, the mastery remained with the husband. And we are informed that some brides were so impressed with this tradition that they crooked the third finger at this part of the marriage ceremony, that the ring might stop on the way.

Superstition is the foster-mother of witchcraft. We would that in our own fair country we could show a record unsullied by the withering hand of this unmerciful step-dame; but in our colonial history stands a long and fearful account against her, to the truthfulness of which many a poor witch could give testimony. The ignorant among the Dutch were especially haunted and taunted by witches, and it is amusing to learn what queer and almost incredible notions they had of them. At a certain season of the year their cream was always infected with witches. They could churn and churn, but that most indispensable article of food, butter, could not be produced without resorting to an expedient, which consisted in heating a horse-shoe and thrusting it into the churn. This immediately destroyed the witches.

It is claimed by some that the use of the horse-shoe as a charm for witches first originated in early colonial times in Massachusetts. A respectable old gentleman by the name of Schmidt, settled in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and regularly every night an old witch would come and transform him into a horse and ride him at a fearful rate to a distant town, chain him to a railing on one of the back streets, while she attended a dance of the witches. After the frolic she would ride him home, and turn him into a man again, just in time to awake at daylight. One cold, stormy night, before retiring, the old gentleman mused to himself that to stand out such a night would be perfectly horrible. He would do something desperate. He would gnaw off the railing and escape! In the middle of the night he was awakened by his wife thumping him on the shoulder, and calling: "*Yacop! Yacop! vats for you eats up the bedstead?*" "*Mine coodness cracious, Marie, I thought I vas a horse!*" In the morning he found a horse-shoe in the yard, and chanced to hang it on a nail over the door to his house, and so long as it remained there he was never troubled with witches. Even in this age we find the horse-shoe hung over the door in many houses, and railroad engineers often hang one over the door of their cab for luck.

There is a popular superstition regarding Friday, that it is an unlucky day; as though the good Lord would allow one day any mystic power of evil. Those who are superstitious about commencing any enterprise upon that day should consult history, and they will find it a somewhat noteworthy fact, that, for Americans at least, it has been a peculiarly fortunate day.

It was on Friday, August 3, 1492, that Columbus left the harbor of Palos, and started on his great voyage of discovery; and it was on Friday, October 12th, the same year, that his great discovery was made. It was on Friday, the 4th day of January, 1493, that he started on his return to Spain, to announce to their majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, the glorious result of the expedition,

and on Friday, the 15th day of March, he arrived in Palos.

On Friday, September 6, 1565, Pedro Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. On Friday the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and on Friday Arnold's treason was discovered. George Washington was born on Friday, and it was on Friday that he was victorious at Yorktown, the battle which decided the fate of America. We might thus go on enumerating facts, showing Friday to be rather a lucky day, yet there would still be some who would give credence to the old whims.

The present is often spoken of as an enlightened age. We are made to believe that we are far in advance of former generations. How absurd must be this statement! Why, in days past and gone, women with their penetrating visions could pry into futurity, and with no other aid than a stone, or the wrinkles upon the hand, would actually ascertain the marriage fate of any individual! And they would accurately describe future partners in life, and relate their various fortunes and misfortunes!

There are some in America, though the number is rapidly decreasing, who believe, with those of former times, that every event is preceded by some sign, as if to warn us of its approach. For instance, the new moon first seen over the right shoulder, or in a clear sky, is a sign of good luck; if seen over the left shoulder, or through brush, it is a sign of bad luck. If the left side of the nose itches, you may expect an early visit from a gentleman; if the right side, a visit from a lady. To find a four-leaf clover is a lucky omen, and has the peculiar power, if placed over the door, to cause the individual to notice very particularly the first person of the opposite sex who enters. The crowing of a hen portends evil, and every old hen thus overstepping the bounds of propriety is punished with death. We might thus mention superstitious notions, such as, if you dream of snakes, an enemy is seeking to injure you; if you tip over a chair at table, you will not marry for a year; if you fall up stairs, you will not marry for seven; if a cow licks her hind foot, it is a sure sign of rain! But those who believe in these signs, in fortune-telling, in spooks and hobgoblins, in ghosts, witches, and wizards—all are subject to many imaginary evils, which do not properly come in their lot. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers, the ticking voice of a cricket, or of a death-watch, has caused more terror than the roaring of a lion.

Thinking, educated men are the freest from superstition. No one, I presume, is wholly free from her influence, but she thrusts herself upon the ignorant without opposition. She has always received her support from idolaters, ignorant "grannies" and "daddies," fickle young men, frail young women, rickety old maids, and imbecile old bachelors. She is the bosom friend of Fortune-Telling, twin sister of Idolatry, and daughter of Ignorance and Fear. Should we find this old hag trying to palm herself off upon us, let us remember that she is opposed to the light of civilization, advancement, and Christianity.

ENIGMATIC.—The builder of a church, now in the course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than public speaking."

LESSONS IN ZOOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. J. EVANS.

The second class of insecteaus is the spiders and pseudo-scorpions. These two differ in the construction of the breathing apparatus. The pseudo-scorpions breathe through two orifices, situated near the base of the abdomen; spiders through pulmonary sacks under the abdomen. Spiders have two sets of jaws; one is prehensile, and the other is for mastication. The former is provided with a sharp fang, which can be folded under the last joint of the jaw, or, in case of danger or attack, can be thrust out. The fang is hollow, and it communicates through a small duct with a gland that secretes a poisonous fluid.

Spiders have simple eyes, but the number varies from two to eight. These are situated in the frontal, or on the side of the head, or on the top part of the head. In spiders of nocturnal habits the pigment of the eye is similar to that of the cat's, and is intended for the same purpose. In the diurnal spider the pigment is black. The body is covered with bristles or hair, and give to it a velvety appearance. But the most interesting phenomenon of this order is their capacity to spin out of their own body a substance that is sufficiently tenacious to suspend them.

If the hind part of a spider's abdomen is examined, two small conical prominences may be noticed. These are openings of reservoirs within the body, in which a viscous liquid is secreted. The liquid has great adhesive power, and upon being exposed to air, it will instantly become a cord. This web is exceedingly fine, and is used by astronomers to make the transit of a star as it crosses the telescopic field. Attempts have been made to utilize it as the silk worm's cocoon is used, but owning to the extreme tenuity of the strands, the success has not been encouraging.

Spiders of sedentary habits weave a web, in which they rest and live, and with which they entangle a victim which they would devour. Roving spiders scatter their gossamer thread to the breeze, which wafts it from one object to another, and along it the spider walks in midair from bough to branch. In descending they proceed with head downward, and hold to the web with their hind legs. But in ascending they climb with head upward, and roll their web into a little ball between their hind feet.

Spiders are classified according to their habits, into, first, spiders running near their web; 2. Wanderers; 3. Prowling around their webs; 4. Spinning large webs and waiting there for prey; 5. Swimmers. All live upon true insects. The bite of all spiders is poisonous, and is fatal to flies. And the bite of the largest is fatal to man. The bite of the common house spider is painful, but not necessarily dangerous.

I shall close this lesson with a mention of some of the habits of the *attus familiaris*, or the jumping spider. This spider is very tame in autumn, at the beginning of the cool weather. It differs from other spiders in having the head larger, compared with the rest of the body, than the other spiders. The body is elongated, and the foremost pair of feet or forceps much enlarged. It has derived its name from its habit. It often moves from place to place by jumping, and when, in the cool weather, it spies a fly, stupefied in the cool air, it approaches it very cautiously, and whenever it is close enough, it makes sure of its prey with a leap. Just before leaping it deposits its web, which will secure it against bruises from a fall.

This little spider is courageous, and when annoyed becomes ferocious. Last fall we tried the courage of one in our recitation-room. It took possession of the table and of our book. Against this we protested by gently pushing it from the book. This treatment, according to Araneidal etiquette, was an insult, and the little tyrant was not slow to resent it. This he did by throwing up its long arms and standing ready to oppose any further attack. Noticing this, we again pushed our finger toward it. But as soon as it came within reach the spider struck it. We drew back. The spider proceeded in its way. We again advanced our finger. The spider wheeled around. We advanced further. The spider raised its fists. We proceeded a little further. The spider "made a pass." We drew back. The spider followed. We retreated; he pursued. We fled; he rushed forward. And the contest would have continued longer had we not, of our gentleness, allowed it to enjoy its life and the possession of our book and table, where it remained several hours.

Not as courageous as this was another of the same species. It was after much coaxing that we could persuade it to resist our teasing. But when it discovered that we could flee if pursued, it became very bold and aggressive.

This species usually has some length of its web dangling after it. And we failed to make one specimen to fall violently to the floor by pushing it from a book on which we had it.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

MRS. MARY E. FISH.

I live for those who bless me,
For those who wrong me too;
I live for the pure and truthful,
And yet for the false ones too;
I live for the sad and tearful,
The desponding, doubting, fearful,
For the loving and the cheerful—
Christ teaches thus to do!

I live to clothe the naked,
To feed the hungry poor,
And oft' to the cold and homeless
Open wide my humble door;
I live for the lone, forsaken,
By wild storms of sorrow shaken,
In whose sad hearts scarce can awaken
A ray of joy once more!

I live to smooth the pillow
Of dying sinners' couch,
To bear to them the message
That Jesus loves them much,
To tell them of brightness blending
With sweet perfume, never ending
In the tomb to which they're tending,
Left by the Savior's touch!

To tell them just beyond it,
There waits a glad surprise—
The glorious resurrection
Of the Christian, when he dies!
To read from the sacred pages,
They, with prophets, martyrs, sages,
And the faithful of all ages,
Shall dwell in paradise;

Of glory that awaits them
In yonder land of rest—
The promised New Jerusalem,
Fair city of the blest;
That all wrong will then be righted,
The redeemed in Christ united,
All heav'n by his presence lighted!
The Lamb's sweet song their theme!

Lafayetteville, New York

THE NEW YEAR.

Another twelve-month has passed before us as a spectacle. Without a moment's pause, another follows in its tread. How majestically the years pass on! Noiselessly, ceaselessly, carrying us though unwilling, they float

"Out in the see
Of eternity."

Youth becomes manhood, and manhood stumbles to the verge of the grave, but the years heed not. Nations are born, grow strong, decay and die; their flight is unchecked. Arts and science flourish knowledge increases, and peace spreads her mild pinions over the land. The blackness of dark ignorance comes on with the relentless years, and war raises his horrid front. There is no pause. The world keeps not its own; the hungry grave is never full. There is no permanence in terrestrial things, and the coming and going of the years but marks their growth and their decay. How few the years that lie between the cradle and the grave! This threshold to eternity is as evanescent as a shadow.

Have you passed the years thoughtlessly? Have you sported on the wing, living a life free from care and labor? Have you banished thoughts of heaven, immortality, and heavenly treasures, because they lie beyond death and the judg-

ment? Then know, O foolish one, that this will not excuse you, nor will it stop the years in their flight, nor delay the realities of your dying moments. It will only cause you to lose your last opportunities, and to die in despair. You are writing your biography. Each thought or act is a sentence, each day a paragraph, each week a section, each year a chapter, and the whole one of those books out of which the dead will be judged in the great day of reckoning. Out of your book will you be judged. This chapter is finished; it can not be changed nor obliterated. What in it is vile and unholy must so remain. What in it is pure and good will be manifest when the seals are broken. Let your tears fall, and the incense of repentance rise for the first, the only fitting return for sin. But wherein you have been enabled to do rightly, then present a thank-offering in humility of heart and in contrition of spirit. Then, turning your eyes to the front, and fixing your heart upon the prize awaiting the perseveringly faithful, taking warning from the crookedness of your past way, and the weakness of your heart in its resistance to sin, move straight on. "Let thine eyes look right on." "Ponder the path of thy feet." "Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."

Then with what resolves should one enter upon the new year? Knowing the fickleness of the human heart when not rooted and grounded in the one abiding faith, how it is constrained by circumstances, and prejudiced ofttimes against the truth, shall we place the sanctity of a vow upon it? How many good promises are made of new departures, better beginnings, reform, turning over new leaves, leading different lives, and all to no effectual purpose. Shall we try it again? Yes. Though you may have been defeated a thousand times, make another attempt. Put your whole trust in God, and your whole strength into the effort. Pray as if you expect God to do every thing for you, and struggle as if you purpose to do it all yourself. Enter the new year sacredly; it is fresh from God's mint. Take up your cross reverently; you may not be required to carry it through. "Gird up thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me," not in word only, but in deed. S.

CINDERELLA.

How very many adventurous spirits went out to Australia during the prevalence of the gold fever, some twenty or more years ago, and went out to die, will never be disclosed.

Amidst others who went out, was one Philip Gay—a sanguine, hopeful young man, who thought that while it might take the best part of a lifetime to make a fortune at civil engineering, he should pick up one in a year or two at the gold diggings. How full of hope he was when he sailed with some four or five other young men, who made up his party, some of his acquaintances remember yet. He left his wife at home with her young baby—his wife who was just as full of hopeful vision as he was.

Of that party Philip Gay was the first to die. His wife, stricken with the news, led a sort of half-dead, half-alive existence for a year or two, and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer than that one of the gold mines, and so much further off. The baby girl alone was left—the little Lucinda. The child was not utterly destitute. A few hundred pounds and one relation was left to her. This was Mrs. Munro, whose

late husband, for she was a young widow, had been Mrs. Gay's brother.

Mrs. Munro was not left particularly well off herself; at any rate her income was not large, and she had to be careful. Of course, being a provident and calculating lady, Mrs. Munro could not be expected to burden herself with the little orphan Lucinda, and take her home to her own two daughters. She said so herself, and her friends agreed with her. So the little child was sent to a plain school, to be brought up in a plain manner; to defray the cost of which, the few hundred pounds had to be trenched upon. "The money must be made to go as far as it will," said Mrs. Munro, "and then we shall see."

Lucinda was seventeen when the last pound came to an end, and she was sent home to Mrs. Munro. "And what on earth is to be done with her, I can't tell," observed Mrs. Munro to her daughters, Elizabeth and Laura. "We must keep her for a while, just to see what she's made of, and what she is fit for, and then get her a situation of some kind." "You can make her useful while she stays here," observed Elizabeth, who was three-and-twenty years of age, and very practical—a particularly welcome suggestion to Mrs. Munro. She was no better off than some of her neighbors in the matter of domestics. She professed to keep two, a cook and a housemaid: but whether she was a bad manager and mistress, or whether she had the ill luck to get a succession of bad servants, certain it was that the domestic department was generally in a state of ferment. The servants were changed continually. Sometimes there would be two; sometimes only one; sometimes none; and the result was much dissatisfaction and discomfort. The two young ladies, fashionably educated, bristling to their fingers' ends with accomplishments, could not be expected to look after brooms and brushes, plates and dishes; and Mrs. Munro was often at her wits' ends, and could not imagine what the world was coming to.

Lucinda Gay arrived at Milthorp Lodge, as their pretty home was called. It stood very close to the little town of Milthorp—ten minutes' walk from it. A gentle, timid, graceful girl of seventeen, was Lucinda Gay, with a fair, delicate, placid face, bright hair, and a steadfast look in her large grey eyes.

"Dear, dear! the very eyes of your poor father's, my dear!" sighed Mrs. Munro, who, in the main, was not by any means bad-hearted, and would not have been short-tempered but for her domestic trials. "You get more and more like him, child. Kiss your cousin, girls."

Elizabeth and Laura did as they were told, and kissed Lucinda. They were both good-looking, showy young women.

Well, to make a short story long, Lucinda Gay's abode at Milthorp Lodge grew into a permanency. Little by little also the *work* grew upon her. From having at first been required to help only in light duties, she found herself at last, to all intents and purposes, a servant, kept from morning till night at hard work. This was the effect of necessity more than the actual wish or intention on Mrs. Munro's part. The servants got worse and worse. Each succeeding one that came in turned out to be more incapable than her predecessor: and who was there but Lucinda to fall back upon? By the time the girl had been there a few months, she seemed to have settled down to this hopeless life of slaving in the kitchen and waiting upon others. Elizabeth and Laura playfully called her Cinderella: when

in a good humor with her, Cindy.

Once, and once only, the girl remonstrated with Mrs. Munro. "I don't like the life, aunt," she said. "I never expected to have to do such things. Don't you think you could let me go out somewhere?"

"What to do?" asked Mrs. Munro. "As servant?"

"Oh, no," blushing painfully,—"not as servant."

"But you could not be governess. You have no accomplishments."

"I fancy sometimes that I could make money by my drawing, aunt. No one in the school could draw as I did."

"Draw! School!" repeated Mrs. Munro. "You did not learn drawing at school! You did not learn any superfluous thing of that kind that had to be paid for!"

"Yes, I did. It happened in this way, aunt. I used to copy the girls' drawings out of school; it was all my pastime; and one day the master saw some that I had done, and he asked to speak to me. Then he told Mrs. Chestnut I had so decided a talent for the art he would like to give me lessons for nothing, that I might do him credit. After that I always went in with the rest. Do you know what he said when I left, aunt?"

"What did he say?"

"That I might rise to have a name in the world of art, if I practiced diligently."

"And how in the world would you live while you practiced it, Cindy?" demanded Mrs. Munro.

Cindy looked distressed.

"My dear, don't you be ungrateful. Remember your poor father. He took up flighty notions and schemes, and he paid for it with his life. For goodness sake don't you turn flighty, Cindy, and follow his example." The tears gathered in Lucinda's eyes, and she said no more. Like all people who have a good and tender heart, ingratitude appeared to her to be one of the very worst of sins.

So from that day she settled down to her lot, resigned outwardly, if not inwardly. All the spare moments she could snatch from her duties were spent in her own room, drawing in private. Elizabeth and Laura went to *fetes* and dances and entertainments. Poor Lucinda was never asked to go with them. She had no toilet for it, and if at times a longing for a little change came over her spirit—a sense of neglect that somehow did not seem right—she shut herself in with her paper and pencils, and forgot the slight.

And thus things went on for about a twelve-month from the time of the girl's first arrival at Milthorp. Day by day she seemed to be separated more and more from her cousins; between her condition and theirs a greater and greater barrier grew. Lucinda would sometimes ask herself whether things were to go on thus forever.

It had been a long, hot July day. The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory; a soft purple haze lay low in the valleys. All the doors and windows of Milthorp Lodge were thrown open to catch the grateful cool of the evening. In the large, old-fashioned porch sat Elizabeth with a book. Laura lay back on the sofa indoors, fanning herself languidly.

Cindy in the kitchen had just finished washing up and putting away the tea things. Just now they enjoyed the services of a particularly incapable helpmeet, who impeded work rather than did it, and all the labor fell on Cindy. For many months now Mrs. Munro had not attempted to keep more than one servant; her neice filled the place of the second.

Cindy took off her large apron, went out of doors, and ventured to

seat herself on a garden bench under the wall behind the porch. She possessed this one peculiarity, though they did call her Cinderella, that she was always nice and neat. Her dresses were of the cheapest materials—cotton, thin stuffs; but somehow she kept them fresh and well. Not a spot was on her naturally delicate hands this evening as she sat down; not a hair out of place on her pretty head.

The small iron gate, hidden by the trees and shrubbery, was heard to open, and footsteps to approach, and the postman came into view with his bundle of letters.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Munro, seeing him from the window. "What can the man be coming here so late for?"

"Postman," she added, walking forth to the porch, "what brings you here at this time of night?"

"An accident to a goods train, which blocked up the lines, ma'am," replied the man, as he detached a letter from his bundle and handed it to her. "It has delayed the delivery several hours."

She sat down at the entrance of the porch nearest the light, put on her spectacles, and opened the letter. It appeared to be a short one, and Mrs. Munro read it twice over.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say about it!" she exclaimed, in self-soliloquy. "I should like it well enough, but—I don't know."

Elizabeth Munro, apathetical as usual, went on reading, showing no curiosity. Laura came out twirling her fan.

"Who is your letter from, mamma?"

"Why, from Emma Allardeen. She says her brother wants a spell of country air, after his recent illness, and she was so happy here during her week's visit to us two years ago, that she ventures to hope we will receive him. And here's a little twisted note inside from himself, asking if I will be bothered with him for a month or two."

"I would let him come," observed Laura, who had a faint recollection of an attractive and exceedingly good-looking man in young Allardeen, and was ever open to the prospect of a flirtation.

"But think of the trouble!" cried Elizabeth, too strong-minded to have latent views of lovers. "It would be quite a restraint to have to entertain a sick man for two months."

"I don't suppose he is ill now, Lizzie," said her mother. "What *I* think of, girls, is the extra work it would entail. And of all wretched, incapable creatures, that Susan, who is with us now, is the worst!"

"Stuff!" said Laura, slightly. "There's Cinderella."

"What do you think, Cindy dear?" cried Mrs. Munro in a soft, coaxing tone. "Would you mind a little more trouble for a short while? What is the matter, Lucinda?"

The young girl had her speaking face turned to them, all eagerness and excitement.

"Is it William Allardeen, the painter, aunt, you are speaking of?"

"To be sure it is, child."

"Oh, but he is a great man, a true artist. I went to see one or two of his paintings once. They were in a collection of pictures that was being exhibited. The school all went. Aunt Munro, I would not mind what work I did for him; I'd never think of the trouble."

"That's all right, Cindy. I thought you would be reasonable. Girls, I shall write my answer to-night and tell him to come."

And in the course of a few days he did come, this William Allardeen—a handsome, manly-looking fellow in spite of his recent illness, of some thirty years. Well-born and well-bred, he had some blue blood in his

veins, and he had something better —a good, honest heart He was not an ameteur; he painted for money. Perhaps it would be better to say he painted for love—love of the art—and sold his pictures afterward. Being entirely independent as to fortune, he could afford time to do good work, and do it well. Full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel, whatever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine? Was it strange that, ere he had been at Millthorp Lodge a week, there should be fluttering in the dove-cote?

Laura Munro was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink and white skin, blue eyes and golden hair! She was not going to marry a small Milthorp land-owner, to superintend his dairy, attend to her own babies, vegetate within the prosy doors of her dull home from the first of January till the thirty-first of December, and have a new silk gown once a year—not she. She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jewels. But she was not so foolish as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearances she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child; for she thought the prince had come in the guise of William Allardeen.

As for Cindy, we have seen what her ambition was—to become an artist. Not that the ambition had taken any very tangible form as yet. Fortune had given this girl who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life, whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instructive love of form and color, and burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew at first, as the birds sing, from pure love, with no thought of what might come of it. Up stairs, in her own room, there was one bureau drawer filled with pieces. Card-boards, drawing-paper, and what not, were covered with pencilings, outlines—hints of the growing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too. Here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies, and there was one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading the distance.

The coming of Mr. Allardeen to the house was a great event for this inexperienced girl. How good-looking he was! How noble, and what a pleasant expression sat on his face! As yet Lucinda had not spoken to him. On account of Susan's incapacity, she had to cook a great part of the dinner herself, send in the breakfast and lunch, and, of course, as Mrs. Munro said to her, she could not be dressed to sit down with them.

"My little niece, who is here to help the servants," Mrs. Munro said to her guest one day, when Cindy was seen in the garden picking gooseberries for dessert. "You knew, when you were a boy, that poor, mistaken Philip Gay, who threw up his business to go after gold, and died. That's his daughter. She has not a farthing in the world, and I give her a home."

"Philip Gay!" repeated Mr. Allardeen, "what a nice fellow he was! I remember him well, and his kindness to me. One day I had been wicked and played truant from school, and he saved me from punishment."

That was all that was said. The young ladies were too fond of taking up Mr. Allardeen's attention themselves to allow him time to waste it on Cindy.

One day Laura came running to him with a pretty affectation of simplicity. "O, Mr. Allardeen," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. That which the stupid people teach us here is not to be called drawing. You should see my ridiculous efforts. May be," she went on, naively dropping her eyelids till her long lashes swept her cheeks, "may be I could appreciate your work better if I should try my hand at it, as *you* could teach me, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Allardeen laughed outright. The very simplicity of the request amused him. Genuine to the backbone, he himself never could suspect artfulness in others.

"Very well, Miss Laura; it is a bargain. In return, you shall be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely scenery ever since you came, but feared you would think me intrusive if I offered. There is a beautiful spot a mile off, called the Sunset Beacon. If you like, Mr. Allardeen, we will go there this evening."

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she felt envy. She envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star or the sun itself, so far did he seem removed from her. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things she longed to do. He conceived and executed those magnificent pictures that the world talked of and gazed at. He lived in the ideal life she longed for and dreamed of. It was hard to be making tarts for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses, wandered over the hills or sought out fairy nooks with her new drawing-master.

One day Lucinda was bending over the stew-pan on the fire, stirring a custard slowly round, and trying to recall the blithe content of her school-days, when Mr. Allardeen paused outside the open window and glanced in. He stood in the shadow of the climbing honey-suckle that made the window like a lovely picture in a green frame. Lucinda's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay back from her forehead, in her soft, gray eyes there sat a troubled light, and she seemed thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella."

Cinderella! Even he, then, recognized her low position, and could give her no better name than this mocking one. The flush on her cheeks deepened to crimson, her eyelids were lowered to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Yes, it is," she humbly assented.

"What a shame," he thought as his quick eye took note of every thing, and the young girl's tired face. "Do you like doing all this, Miss Cinderella?"

"I have to do it," she quickly said. "There's no one else."

"Where's Susan? I should think she might be over that hot fire instead of you."

"Susan's in the back garden picking peas for dinner. My aunt tried to teach her to cook, but Susan could not learn. I caught it up directly," she said.

"And therefore you have to do it. I wish you could come into the gar-

den and sit in those shady glades instead. That would be better, would it not, Miss Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes. But"—his tone was so unmistakably kind, so sympathizing, that she took courage to finish the sentence she had begun—"why do you call me Cinderella?"

Mr. Allardeen paused in surprise. "Is not Cinderella your name?"

She lifted the stew-pan off the fire, for the custard was completed, and turned her tearful eyes on him, shaking her head.

"Your aunt and cousins call you Cinderella, and—and Cindy. I never supposed it was not your name."

"As I am here amidst the cooking and the sauce-pans they call me so. My name is Lucinda."

"What an *awful* shame!" thought Mr. Allardeen again. "And what beautiful eyes! Just like poor Gay's. I remember his."

"Well, you must pardon me for the error I fell into, Miss Lucinda. I am very sorry."

"It would not have mattered, only I—I thought you did it to mock me."

"Mock you! No; I should certainly not do that. I hope I should not mock any one, least of all, you. Do you know I was well acquainted with your father?"

"Oh, were you!" she answered, her eyes smiling brightly through her wet eye-lashes. "If he had but lived!"

"Oh! if he had but lived, you would not be doing what you are doing. Do you never come out in the garden for relief, say at the cool of the evening?"

"I used to, but just now there's a great deal to do. Sometimes after dusk I can snatch a few minutes there."

"Because I was thinking that if you did come, I might have told you many little things about your father. He was my good friend when I was a boy."

"How I should like it! Yes, perhaps some evening I may be able to come out and listen to you."

"I hope you will. He was my friend; and I should like, if I may, to be yours. He, the man, was kind to me, the lad; I, a man now, would serve his child."

Mr. Allardeen lifted his hat, and walked away. He began to think he might be hindering her. "What a terrible shame it was that so gentle, delicate a girl should have to spend her days at this rough, unfit work," he thought. "If poor Philip Gay, who was essentially a gentleman, and had loved to smooth the path of all around him, could but rise from the grave and witness it! And for them to call her Cinderella!"

From that day Mr. Allardeen sought opportunities to speak to the girl. Many a time did he halt, as now, outside the kitchen window, which looked to the side of the house, and the more retired part of the garden. Once or twice he had found her outside at dusk, and they had paced the shrubbery together for five minutes, talking of her late father. The appellation, Cinderella, had grown into a jest between them, and she had not the least objection now to hear it from his lips—liked it, in fact.

One morning an expedition was proposed to Darley Woods, a welcome place of sweet shade at a mile or two's distance. The Miss Palmers (neighbor's daughters) and their brothers would go with them, and Mr. Allardeen would take his sketch-book. Sandwiches and biscuits would supply the place of lunch, and they could stay out all day, if they chose. Presently Mr. Allardeen took the broad path that led by the kitchen, and halted at the broken window.

"Cinderella," said he, in a low, pleasant, laughing tone, as he lin-

gered over the word, and leaned his head in to see her cutting bread and butter for the sandwiches, in her fresh and pretty cotton dress, with the blue bow at her neck, "we are not going to the prince's ball, but we are going to spend the day in Darley Wood. Those cool, green, silent shades will be delightful in such heat as this. Can you not go with us?"

Ah, if she could! She longed for it unutterably. Mr. Allardeen did not see the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, for she turned round to conceal them.

"Thank you; I wish I could," she answered quietly.

"It will be more agreeable there than in your kitchen. Shall I ask Mrs. Munro to let you come?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no use. I could not go to-day."

"Well, I should have thought this would be an excellent opportunity, with us all away; there will be no meals to prepare."

Lucinda shook her head. "Indeed, it is not convenient to-day," she said, with a smile. "Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there was the day's regular work to do, and that Susan was so useless? That there were also raspberries to be picked over and preserved, and a cake and tarts to make, and the late dinner to be prepared. What could he understand of it? The worst of it was, these things had never before seemed so burdensome, never so distasteful. The cool, fresh, green of the woods and valleys—and to watch him sketching; oh, what a contrast!

Wishing her good morning, Mr. Allardeen turned away. As soon as he was out of sight, she sat down and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Cinderella! Yes; she was only Cinderella, and never would be anything else. She had not a cross stepmother; she had no cruel sisters. But her aunt kept her to this lowering work, and her cousins danced and dressed, and could spend their hot days in the green dells in idleness, Mr. Allardeen their companion. Alas! she had no fairy godmother to come to her rescue as the other Cinderella had. Drying her eyes, she went on with her work. Setting to with a will, Lucinda got it done quickly, so as to obtain an hour in the afternoon for herself. Once amid her little paintings and sketches she was happy. She would have been quite happy if she might but have shared in the benefit of Mr. Allardeen's instruction, as Laura daily did. But of course it was not to be thought of. He knew nothing of her being able to draw, and she would have no time to take his instructions had he been willing to give them.

As to these lessons of Laura's, all the house felt some curiosity in regard to them. Elizabeth openly declared that at school Laura had displayed no more talent for drawing than she herself did for music; and, as everybody knew, Elizabeth did not know one note from another; and Lucinda did think it queer that a talent should be developed suddenly and spontaneously. At school Laura could not draw a map, or the simplest figure in geometry; at music she was clever.

Laura took her lessons from Mr. Allardeen in quite an unusual manner. She would not, and did not, draw before him; she was too shy. But she watched him draw sketches himself, and listened as he showed her how she should touch this, fill in that. Every third or fourth morning Laura would come into his sitting-room with her carefully-locked portfolio, unlock it, and take out a sketch for his inspection that she had just completed. Over and over again Mr. Allardeen expressed himself as-

tonished at the undoubted talent she displayed, and would praise it highly, while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest blush on her white-rose cheeks.

"I can not understand it, Laura," he more than once observed. "Talent—nay, I may say genius, for it is nothing less—such as you display, ought to have found its vent earlier. When I was a little lad I used to do crude things with my pencil; could not help doing them; and I should have expected you to do the same. True genius can not be kept in."

"I was not well—taught—and I grew discouraged," murmured Laura. "But for you, I might never have found it out."

He shook his head, unconvinced. As he said, he could not understand it.

"It is a singular thing, this new talent of Laura's for drawing!" observed Elizabeth one afternoon that she had bade Lucinda come to her room and give her hair a brush. "She never had a talent for anything, except making the most of her beauty, and dressing herself to advantage. Take care, Cindy, you are hurting me."

"Have you seen her sketches?" asked Cindy. "I wish she would show them to me! She knows how I delight in seeing good drawings."

"Not I. She won't show them to anybody. It's all put on, her modesty, just to look well in William Allardeen's eyes. But he does praise her work, and no mistake. He says it is wonderful, admirable. There, that will do, Cindy; you've brushed long enough. And now, get my peach muslin, and try and pull out the bows a bit."

The weeks went on. A grand picnic was organized for a distance, some twenty people to share in it. Preparations were made in the shape of good dishes. Mrs. Munro's share of them being chiefly performed by Lucinda. The day arrived, and they started an hour after breakfast. Mr. Allardeen had ventured to say something about poor Miss Gay's making one of the party, but Mrs. Munro assured him that she could not be spared.

As desired by her aunt, Lucinda took the opportunity to put Mr. Allardeen's sitting-room to rights, and give it a thorough dusting, when, to her excessive surprise, Mr. Allardeen entered.

"Why!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Is it you? What have you come back for?"

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella. What were you doing in my room?"

"Putting it straight," she answered. "My aunt told me to do it."

"Then you will have the goodness not to do it any more; and put that duster out of your hand. I can not allow young ladies to go down on their knees for me."

She blushed a good deal. Her heart was throbbing violently. Taking the duster with her, she was turning to leave the room, when her eye was caught by a small, exquisite water-color drawing, which Mr. Allardeen inadvertently disclosed to view in moving some papers on a side table.

"Oh, how beautiful!" was her involuntary exclamation. "May I just look at it?"

He put it into her hands, and watched the delighted expression of her countenance as she examined it in silence.

"You are fond of drawings?" he said.

Fond! That was not the word for it. By the few remarks she made, he soon found she understood art fairly well, and that it was her chief enjoyment in life. He said no more,

however, then, and Lucinda left the room. The cause of his return was very simple. Calling at the post-office (to which his letters were sometimes addressed) as he went with the picnic party through town, he found an important letter waiting for him, which required immediate answer. To the dismay of some of the party, for Mr. Allardeen was a general favorite, he turned back home to write it.

"But you won't be long, Mr. Allardeen?" cried Laura. "We had better wait here for you?"

"Certainly not. Your carriages can go on. I will charter a horse, and come after you."

"Be sure and make him go fast," called out Laura, innocently silly, as usual.

Mr. Allardeen wrote his answer, and took it to the post-office. Again Lucinda supposed he had left for the day. She was snatching a few minutes' rest under the shady trees in the pleasant morning air, when he came striding up the path.

"Are you not going to join them?" questioned Lucinda, timidly.

"I think not. The man at the inn has no horse that I particularly care to mount."

The answer brought her some sudden perplexity. If Mr. Allardeen stayed at home, he would want lunch and dinner. What was to be done? Nothing had been ordered. She and Susan both thought they were free from such cares for the day.

"Would you like to come in and look at my portfolio of drawings, Miss Lucinda?"

"Oh, if I might!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushed.

They went in through the glass door. He opened his portfolio, and carelessly exposed its treasures. Lucinda stood entranced; for how long, she hardly knew. She had an artist's eye; the very few remarks she made told him that.

"Here is one of rather more pretension," he said, throwing open the door of a small closet, in which, on a shelf, stood a covered drawing, leaning against the wall. "Did you look at it when you were here this morning?"

"Indeed, no; I should not open the doors of your private places."

"This is no Bluebeard's closet. Look there."

Putting up the tissue paper which covered it, the drawing, a water-color, stood out to view. It was a quaint old kitchen, dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

It was not very light, and Lucinda took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Allardeen watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail; then to the name at the top, "Cinderella;" then to the girl's drooping figure. After gazing silently, she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own face. *She* was the Cinderella.

"Have I vexed you?" he asked. "I did not mean to. If I have, you must forgive me."

"No; I am not vexed," she answered, subduing her tears. "Just when I saw her standing there, I felt a great pity, and thought: 'Oh, she has to be in the kitchen as I have.' And the next moment I saw it was myself, and—and—it is nothing, Mr. Allardeen; but life does seem hard at times."

"You would rather pass your day

in an artist's studio than in custard-making, Miss Lucinda?"

"Please don't talk of it. Ah!" she exclaimed, starting, as the little clock on the mantel-piece struck one. "I did not think it was half so late."

"And what if it is? Where are you going? You have not seen all the drawings."

"But there's lunch to be thought of, and dinner——"

"And dinner be dispensed with," he interrupted, laughing. "Lunch, also. Confess, now—you were not going to prepare dinner for yourself."

"No; there's cold meat for me and Susan. But now you have come home——"

"Now I have come, I shall eat cold meat, too. And if you don't like that, Miss Lucinda. I'll touch nothing but bread and butter."

"But my aunt will be so angry with me."

"Leave her anger to me."

That was a red-letter day for Lucinda. She would never, in all her life, forget it. After revelling amidst the sketches, Mr. Allardeen made her sit out under the trees, now reading snatches of poetry to her, now talking to her unrestrainedly in his pleasant voice. By the time evening came, Lucinda seemed to have known him for years.

But she had not the courage to tell him that she drew herself. She longed to tell him, and two or three times the words had risen to the tip of her tongue, only to be suppressed.

On the afternoon of the day following this, Mr. Allardeen sat in the arbor, reading letters that the day mail had brought him. Leaning back comfortably in the rustic summer-house, cigar in his mouth, he folded up his letters, and then took up the newly-arrived Art Journal. Hearing footsteps approach, he looked up, and saw Laura approaching, portfolio in hand.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her head childishly, and her pretty hair, "especially when you have your letters. But I came, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. O Mr. Allardeen," and she laid her fingers on the tip of his coat-sleeve, appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he threw away his cigar, took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him, and bent over it.

"This design is remarkable, very remarkable, for the work of a beginner, Laura," he said at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean by this sketch? Put your thought into words."

He was surprised—puzzled, for he thought the drawing wonderful. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty. William Allardeen had enjoyed it as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. A woman without a soul could not make these sketches, as he believed. Those she brought to him, day after day, betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, quite beyond his comprehension. The execution was often faulty, but the power was there undeniably. And this was the best of them all.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a pic-

ture. I think I read your idea. But tell me what it was."

A step sounded on the gravel walk. Lucinda was going by to pick some parsley. Laura hastily gathered up her papers. She never would let any one see them save Mr. Allardeen; but by some means this one sketch fell, and the wind wafted it to Lucinda's feet.

"Don't touch it! don't touch it!" shrieked Laura. But Lucinda, meaning no harm, was too quick for her, and picked it up.

"Why, this is mine!" cried Lucinda, in astonishment, her eye kindling with a sudden light. "Where did you find it, Laura? You must have got it from my room. And what right have you to show my things to Mr. Allardeen?"

"It is not yours; it is mine!" retorted Laura, who had turned white as a sheet, while Mr. Allardeen, singularly interested, stood at the door and looked on. "*Mine!* I drew it myself. How dare you assert such ridiculous falsehoods?"

Lucinda colored painfully. She had drawn part of that sketch yesterday at sunset, and had filled it in at dawn this morning. But she would not betray Laura.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away to get the parsley. But Mr. Allardeen stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Gay—that you did it?"

Lucinda looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"I ask whether you did it, Miss Gay. Did you do this?—and this?" taking others from the portfolio. "Speak out."

Lucinda took the sketch from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she pointed to certain minute characters. Looking attentively, he read the name, "Cinderella." Turning, he looked at Laura.

"Some mistake," she faltered, hands and lips alike trembling. "I must have taken up Cindy's instead of my own." Yes, she had taken Cindy's sketches out of her room, and exhibited them as her own.

What passed in the next few minutes Lucinda could hardly ever recall. It was like a bewildering dream. Laura had disappeared, leaving the portfolio. On every sketch within it was the private mark, "Cinderella." In her own sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Allardeen. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, partly untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried, partly with joy, partly at the discomfort touching Laura? William Allardeen laid his hand gently on her head.

"Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy godmother."

Whether she had found her fairy godmother or not, she had found *him*.

"Which will you do, my dear one," he whispered, "stay in the kitchen here, or come with me to live at an artist's studio?"

"I—I dare say it was a mistake," she pleaded, trembling and blushing. "Please don't tell of Laura."

"Never mind Laura; we can do without her. I want you, Lucinda. Ah, my dear one, the first hour I saw you, with your father's wonderful eyes, my heart went out to you. Will you come to me at my studio, and be my dear wife—my very own Cinderella?"

Cinderella burst into tears, and hid her face in his arms. By and by Susan came clattering down to see what had become of the parsley.

"Well, and I declare I'm glad of it!" honestly spoke Mrs. Munro, when matters were disclosed to her, "though I believe Laura did look upon him as sure to be hers. I'm glad of it. It's a first-rate match for Cindy. And I'm afraid, what with the kitchen and other things, life here was rather hard for her at times.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, and scenes, and actions, always impress. As you influence them not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers. Allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not by the stern "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunrise!" Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

Bear the cross and win the crown.

OUR WORK.

A Christian Educational Monthly.

Published on the 15th of each month.

D. J. EVANS and T. C. SMITH, Publishers.

Prof. B. F. McHENRY and Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL, Associate Editors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

VALEDICTORY.

At the close of the fall term the publisher of OUR WORK tendered his resignation as professor of mathematics and book-keeping to the Executive Committee of U. C. College. There were two reasons which led to this step. First: The salary of a professor in U. C. College (reduced by the trustees at their last session) is not at all commensurate with the magnitude of the work required. Second: The poor health to which we have been subjected for the last year, has made a change of labor and climate necessary. And now that we have decided to go, we are just beginning to realize how very great is our love for Merom and our work here. The chords that have been woven in the last six years—woven though they were by love—are now so numerous and so strong to hold us here that we find it almost impossible to break away. As we write this a thousand remembrances come in upon us—a thousand hallowed recollections are before us—a thousand ———, well, our prayer is, has been, and always will be, "God bless Merom and its college."

OUR WORK! of all our work, the most pleasant, it too we must leave—must consign to other hands. It was commenced with the expectation of making it a valuable and perma-

nent institution of the Christians. We had faith that if we performed our part well the reading public would appreciate and buy. We have not been disappointed. On our part, we have spared neither time nor expense to give to our brothers and sisters a magazine worthy of their liberal patronage, and one that should be an honor to us as a people. We have looked for no reward. Our labor has been one of love. OUR WORK has gained such a fast hold upon our affections that the thought of giving it up is attended with pain something akin to that felt by the parent who loses a loved child. And is this strange? We conceived it, nursed it, cared for it, when there was no one else to love it, watched it with pride as it grew and increased in strength; and now that it is well-grown—developing new strength and beauty each day, and daily becoming to us more interesting—is it strange, then, that we give it up with sorrow?

We leave it, however, in good hands. We consign it to those who will bring to it greater wisdom and a riper experience than ours. Give them, dear reader, the same, yea, if possible, as they deserve, even more encouragement than you have given us. With them strive to make OUR WORK one of the very best college journals in the land.

With many thanks for your continued kindness, we bid you an affectionate farewell, wishing you not only "a happy New Year," but a long and happy life.

L. F. WATSON,
DRUE P. WATSON.

SALUTATORY.

With this number, the joint editorship of the undersigned begins.

OUR WORK has been so ably edited, so neat in mechanical execution, so filled with nutritious and wholesome substance, that we fear lest it may degenerate in new hands. If care, application, and earnestness in the calling will insure success, then is this Christian educational monthly safe.

The original design of its founders will not be departed from—to make this the organ of the schools of the Christians. That is its place, and therein it finds its calling. To do this successfully, it must have active friends, and find a warm support in every one of them. The best thoughts emanating from them must find expression in these pages; the "Personals," which make a spicy newsletter each issue, the "Locals," giving all readers information of prosperity and progress, must monthly make their appearance.

It were impossible to make a popular magazine, one acceptable to people so widely separated as are those clustered about our several schools, without a generous co-operation on the part of all.

This co-operation we earnestly desire. The schools at Andover, Stanfordville, Eddytown, Le Grand, and Weaubleau, have space allotted to them which we hope they will fill. Essays coming to us with the approval of the principal will, upon the first opportunity, be inserted. Let them be prompt, also, in sending us the matter for personal and local columns.

This issue is put into the hands of the printer a few days late, on account of the change of editorship and ownership. Hereafter we will forward to the printer the entire copy by the 15th of each month, and place the numbers in the hands of subscribers by the 1st of the next month. Let correspondents take notice and have their communications in our hand by the 14th of each month. This will enable us to give fresher and more savory news.

Let news flow in, clubs be formed, and a general interest be awakened in the prosperity of this monthly, which fills the place of, and whose place can be filled by, no other publication.

The editors have undertaken the task from no expectation of personal profit, but to keep OUR WORK as it was intended to be, a monthly devoted to the interests of Union Christian College and the schools of the Christians. S.

SUCCESS.—Though the number of students is not as great as we have seen in U. C. College, still there are unmistakable evidences of success. We refer particularly to the absence of any thing like "jarring" and misunderstanding between the members of the faculty, and the entire satisfaction that beams from the faces of the students. But especially do we point out as the elements of the surest and sublimest success, that the *students* are earnest, contented, and eager to learn. E.

PROF. WATSON.—Our predecessor has resigned his chair of mathematics. By his leaving, a break is made in the band which stood by the college in its darkest hour, and delivered it safe at the dawn of day. Having been associated with Prof. Watson more than three years, we very deeply regret his departure, and take his hand, as he leaves, with myriads of pleasant recollections of the past and the most sincere well-wishes for the future. The professor will settle in Hoopston, Illinois, where he will engage in journalism. The Executive Committee have elected D. T. Morgan, of the class of '76, to take Prof. Watson's place. E.

"OUR CABINET."—In OUR WORK of last month appeared an "editorial" severely criticising the condition of our cabinet. The curator offers as an apology that the room in which it is now is too small for any good arrangement of specimens; that the door is provided with a lock similar to those of the recitation-rooms; that the spiders were unusually active last term; that there *is* an arrangement of the minerals, but the visitor was not acquainted with it; that the curator "fixes it up" once a year; that he insists on the privilege of doing the ushering of visitors, so that specimens handled may be replaced properly. E.

CALL ON US.—We would be pleased to have our friends to call in and see us as we daily toil in our recitation-rooms. Come, and see how arguments are formed, or how they talk in Paris and Berlin; or, if not that, come and hear Virgil recite his fourth book to Augustus, and hear Cicero on the Forum; and see how the Rhoricians make the pen mightier than the sword; and we will also show you what kind of a figure x^2 plus xy plus $y = 11$ represents; and how to prove that it is more convenient to multiply by logarithms than by the usual method. Also we can make x or y or z equal any thing or nothing at all. If this has no interest, then come and hear the history of your ancestors, and of the celebrated Greeks. Then if this is not good enough, we *can* make you stare to see water, at blood-heat, boil, and to see a piece of ice set fire.

We are happy, and we insure protection to all who may wish to visit us, for we *sing* away the close of the day's work.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.—The examination papers sent for publication were forwarded to the printer, but for some reason did not appear. They will appear soon. E.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

We have just read Huxley "Essays," which he delivered a few weeks ago. They have been very extensively reviewed by abler men than ourselves. Both sides of his subject have been ably supported, and as completely torn down again. Of course we have our opinion, and the "essays" made an impression on our minds. We feel that his "straw-men," and his sarcasm, when referring to Christianity, made him no new friends. Of course, the facts he mentions we accept as an honest scholar from a teacher. But when he theorizes, we are under no obligation to accept his views. We are not indignant when we read his conclusion, but we *are* surprised. Scientific men of his class accept nothing as a conclusion to an hypothesis, unless it is supported by all, or most all, known facts, and can be verified by experiments and observation. When we apply this test to Huxley's hypothesis, we can not *prove* any thing further than that there were animals varying in form from the four-toed orohippus to the one-toed equses.

Now, let us see how much does the conclusion lack of corresponding to the standard. We can not verify this by experiment. No one observer or no succession of observers have ever seen the process performed. We have no proof that these specimens of variation were not directly created. We have not the least substance of a proof that the mammal passed from a bird, or reptile, or fish. We have not as great a proof as this, that the vertebrate was developed from a Radiate or an Articulate. Lastly, we have no evidence that these came to existence of their own accord.

How about Copernican theory? We desist.

We admit that it is very probable that God developed the horse from the Orohippus; but, taking a scientific test, we can not prove it. On the other hand, we can not prove that God created them, if we take the same standard. But in this case we must apply a different test. If God says he did, then we must find out he told the truth. But can we prove that God tells the truth? We can, even by applying the test of the scientist. Three years ago Tyndall said: "Let me see God answer prayer, and I will believe in God and prayer." Has he read the account of the prayers of Moody in England, Scotland, and America? Then he has seen God answer prayer. Let Huxley take the same source of experience, and he will have sufficient evidence of the veracity of God. Scientific men expect all to take the result of their experiments without doubt, and all fair men accept their experiments. On the same grounds let them appeal to Christian experts for the proof of the veracity of God. Now, how does the matter stand? We have no record of the result of the experiments of scientists showing that animals were developed, while the Christian has the assurance of an everlasting, truthful God that he created them through the word of his might.

The most interesting and able refutation of the evolution hypothesis that we have yet seen, is an article from the pen of Dr. McCosh, published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, November number. We hope to be able, at some future day, to lay this excellent article before the readers of OUR WORK.

In an article published in the *Popular Science Monthly* (October), on "Science and Religion as Allies," we find this statement, viz.: "* * * he (man) recognized in conscious in-

telligence and the overruling will something greater than wind and fire. Faith raised her reverence to a divinized humanity, etc. But again, with the growing comprehension of the unity of all nature, man rose to the idea of a single Supreme Being, a Jehovah, etc."

History does not prove that the idea of one Supreme Deity who ruled all the universe, and attended, without any subordinates, to all its departments, has originated by a process of reason. It was in the world, among a nation that was not noted for logic and philosophy. The Egyptians, renowned for learning and science, knew nothing of this Jehovah until they were taught of him in a series of hard lessons at the departure of their slaves, among whom the knowledge of Jah had been common for four hundred years.

The higher the Greeks and Romans rose in arts and science, the more complicated became their polytheism, and the more numerous their gods; while the Jews, ignorant, depressed, impoverished, knew well that on account of their disobedience to Him, had their nation and city been brought so low.

History does not mention any one who arrived at the idea of Jehovah, except him to whom it was directly revealed. The only one that seems to be an exception to this is Socrates. It may be inferred from his reasonings that he had such an idea. But the great point in his defense before the tribunal was that he did not introduce *strange gods*, but that he testified to the existence of one of the gods, who acted as his guardian angel. And if he did really entertain the idea of one being, the God infinite and eternal, it does not follow that he attained this as he rose in philosophy. It is as natural and admissible to think that his *daimon* revealed this to him, as it is to believe it warned him of danger. Jehovah came to man through revelation, while his greatness and goodness are made more conspicuous and unlimited through logic, and science, and culture.

Daniel Deronda. Have you read George Elliot's last novel? How do you like Daniel Deronda? These are questions frequently asked. We have just completed reading it, and we are at a loss what to say regarding it. We have read stories, the plan of which seemed to show more ingenuity in the author, and the characters more like what we see every day, and the conclusion more pleasing. But we are captivated with the genius and the style of George Elliot. Her philosophical sayings, and her apologies for the unexpected developments are not the products of an ordinary mind. Yet their charm often lie in their novelty rather than in their truthfulness. The incidents of the story are true to nature, and for this reason, any person who is observant of human nature and natural events, is not surprised when he learns that Daniel and Gwendolen were not married. Still, no one but a prophet could have foreseen that Lord Grandcourt would have drowned until he is seen laid dead upon the shore. We felt very much relieved when we made sure that he was dead, and the lady alive. We detest Grandcourt, and we find no redeeming quality in Gwendolen. We see no excuse for her marrying Lord Grandcourt, and we have no sympathy with those who themselves make "matches" for wealth, or allow, and especially urge their friends to do so. We have no words sufficient to show the contempt we feel for Gwendolen's mother in living a parasitic life for no other reason than that she was a "lady." We think that Deronda does not

represent any type that we have seen. As far as our observation goes, such entire inward goodness, general benevolence, and unwavering uprightness as his was, comes to the heart only through grace. "It is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God." In our country, young men of leisure and affluence, who frequent *salons* and gaming-tables as Deronda did, are not the kind to lead young women to a higher plane of life, but rather in the opposite direction.

In conclusion, *cui bono?* Except in a literary view, there is nothing in the story that makes one better. Nothing that leads one to make good resolutions, unless it be to treat his wife well, lest she may some day allow him to drown, as Gwendolen did her lord. All of the enthusiasm produced in one when he reads the life and studies the character of Deronda, vanishes, like the son of Maius, into thin air, when it is discovered that he leaves his native land, and devotes his entire life to a course directed by fanaticism.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Great Meteor.—Thursday night, the 21st ult., about 9 o'clock P. M., one of the most beautiful yet startling meteors crossed the entire horizon. Rising a few degrees north of west, it disappeared in the northeast. As it came on it appeared like a flaming sun, fully as large as the monarch of the day in appearance; but as it passed by it displayed its magnificient train, more gorgeous than any mortal pen can paint. Its march was not such as meteors usually employ, precipitate and momentary, but stately and grand, as befitted it, the monarch of nameless wanderers. In appearance it resembled a flock of fire-birds; the front, flaming and seemingly a solid ball of flame; the train, made up of hundreds of brilliant meteors, diminishing in size and brilliancy to the rear. Those behind were continually disappearing, but the train grew not less, as from the solid front there dropped the meteors which repaired the loss. The display of colors was magnificent. The size of the entire phenomenon was about three degrees in diameter and twelve to fifteen degrees in length. Its highest attitude was about fifteen degrees, and the time of its flight across the sky fully one-half minute. S.

Anecdotes of the intelligence of crows are always in order, and since the account of their arithmetical faculties which has lately gone the rounds of the press, we are quite ready to believe in any amount of sagacity which may be attributed to these knowing ones. A correspondent, well known to us as a naturalist, vouches for the following story, which he says has never been in print:

"Some years ago, when aquaria became fashionable, I used to have in my yard a tub of water, in which I kept the surplus stock of small fish and other aquatic creatures destined to replenish my aquarium from time to time, as might be required. The tub was kept full of water, frequently changed, in order that the fishes, etc., might have free play, and be in the best of health when wanted to stock the tank in my parlor, and I used to feed the creatures daily with bread-crumbs or minced meat. In the yard there was also a tame crow, which I had winged some weeks previously. The wound had quite healed, and the bird had become perfectly reconciled to captivity; in fact, almost domesticated. He would come when called, eat from my hands, and permit himself to be fondled. I often found him perched upon the edge of the tub, to drink, as I thought, and never

suspected that he was stealing my aquarium stock till the gradual but steady disappearance of the fish made me conclude he must be the criminal. I watched him, till finally I caught him in the act, and discovered the sagacious way he did it, which is the point of my story. With an intelligence that can not be too highly admired did this bird fish for his prey, by dropping bread-crumbs or other small bait upon the water, and seizing the fish as they rose to the surface for it. I observed his actions closely more than once, and was satisfied that the bird was doing more than simply dipping his food in the water to moisten it, which is a common trick with cage-birds. He was unquestionably alluring his finny prey within reach of the thrust of his beak by casting bait upon the water, to tempt the fish to rise. This performance was quite up to the mark of the historic magpie, which is said to have cast pebbles into the beaker to make the water rise. Now, did this crow simply mimic the action he had observed me do when I fed the fish, and then catch them as he might have caught any fish that accidentally came within his reach; or did he, observing the effect that my feeding the fish had, originate the idea that he could do the same thing, and profit by it too? I am sufficiently impressed with my sense of the reasoning faculties of animals to grant all the intelligence that he attributed to such an act as I have just described. I should add that this crow was not the common species (*Corvus Americanus*); but a maritime species, known as the fish-crow (*Corvus ossifragus*), which feeds largely or mainly upon fish, shrimp, molluscs, and other aquatic animals. This would account for his fondness for the particular diet my tub afforded, but has no other bearing upon the case. Poor fisherman Jack! he came to an untimely end, through lack of discrimination in his diet. One day he stood by me and watched with the liveliest interest the process of molding pistol-balls; and I had scarcely finished when he gobbled up several of the "necks" of the bullets I had just cut off and suffered to lie where they fell. These jagged bits of lead disagreed with him. He straightway began to pine away, and soon died miserably of perforation of the gizzard."—*Independent*.

Dr. Peters, of Alabama, describes, in the *American Naturalist*, the case of a large spider which was observed to drop ten or fifteen feet from a tree and seize and kill a minnow three inches long. Madame Merian's story of the large *Mygale avicularia* catching humming-birds has been confirmed by modern travelers; and now it would seem that fishes also fall a prey to these sagacious animals.

W. F. Flint has succeeded in finding another western plant in the White Mountains, the past season, upon the precipitous ledges near the locality of *Pinguicula*; viz., the *Poa cæsia*. Its limits have heretofore been given as "Lake Superior and northward."

COLLEGE PERSONALS.

College opened in due time, and we miss some of the faces seen last term, but we see more new faces than we miss of familiar ones.

The much-needed lights in some of the college windows are being "puttied in" by our enterprising young friend, Mr. Holcomb.

Last Saturday evening, for the first time this year, we visited the Linconia Society. We were surprised at the growth of the society, and were quite well pleased with the performance. Ed. Ward was president.

E. W. Gordon has been compelled to withhraw from school for the winter term on account of sore eyes.

Born, to the wife of Rev. John T. Phillips, Sunday, December 10th, a girl. We extend our congratulations. "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

We have not yet this term visited the Franklin Society, but we have no fears that it will fall below its usual good standing under the administration of Mr. Knode.

Last week we participated of the good things placed on the table of Mrs. Ford. It was the professor's thirty-first birthday. He bears his age well.

Persons who for the first time attend the morning services in No. 11, notice particularly the good singing. This is due to the labors and efficiency of B. C. Davis, our professor of vocal music.

Miss Mellie Smith, well known to the students who have attended college during the last few years, died of protracted illness on the 1st inst. Her death was learned of with deepest sorrow by the professors and students. She leaves aged parents, a sister, and a large circle of sincere friends. In her dying hour her hope was in Christ, and she left evidence that all was well.

We have attending college a young man of whom a special mention is due. Last term he passed satisfactory examination in five collegiate studies, with a term grade of ——— in the several studies, and attended, as janitor, to the fires in the chapel, reading-room, and the president's office. His modesty forbids us to name him. Let us have more such.

Mr. Samuel Humphrey and wife, whose children have formed other attachments and started branch establishments in housekeeping, give up their house to Mrs. Lou. W. Hutson January 1st, and will board in their own home for a time. It is a most desirable property, and is for sale.

COLLEGE LOCALS.

CHRISTMAS.—Merom is noted for its hospitality and cheerfulness, and at no time and under no circumstances does it strive to cheer the low-hearted and aid the needy as at Christmas.

Christmas evening the good people of the town directed their steps to the college chapel, where the college Sunday-school had invited Santa Claus to deposit rare and useful and valuable gifts from a cedar-tree. Santa himself was requested not to appear lest by his grotesque mien he would cause the children, already brimful with impatience, to boil over. In his stead, however, the *magi* made their appearance, and with a dignity worthy of their mission, they distributed gifts to the little people. When they had finished their mission, and had departed "by another way," Prest. Smith, in a spicy speech, explained the word Christmas and the observance of the day. He ended with some poetry, which he pretended to have been handed to him. But a hawk-eyed reporter says he saw him write it after he had come into the hall and had found out that he had left at home his cut-and-dried speech.

Then in order was the unloading of the tree and distributing the presents. The order preserved was far better than we have seen on similar occasions.

During the holidays, our friend, Milo P. Ward, paid Merom a visit. Milo is in charge of the schools at Middletown. We hear that he gives good satisfaction.

STARKEY SEMINARY.

Eddytown, N. Y., January, 1877.

Prof. R. D. Evans, A. B., Local Editor.

[Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited. Any bit of information concerning an old student or a former teacher, will be most welcome, if addressed to R. D. Evans, Eddytown, New York.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Eodem die ab exploratoribus certior factus, hostes sub monte consedisse millia passuum ab ipsius castris octo; qualis esset natura montis et qualis in circuitu ascensus, qui cognoscerent, misit. Renunciatum est, facilem esse. De tertia vigilia Titum Labienum, legatum pro prætore, cum duabus legionibus, et iis ducibus, qui iter cognoverant, summum jugum montis ascendere jubet; quid sui consilii sit, ostendit. Ipse de quarta vigilia eodem itinere, quo hostes ierant, ad eos contendit, equitatumque omnem ante se mittit. Publius Considius, qui rei militaris peritissimus habebatur, et in exercitu Lucii Sullæ, et postea in Marci Crassi fuerat, cum exploratoribus præmittitur.

Prima luce, cum summus mons a Tito Labieno tenceretur, ipse ab hostium castris non longius mille et quingentis passibus abesset, neque, ut postea ex captivis comperit, aut ipsius adventus, aut Labieni, cognitus esset; Considius, equo admisso, ad eum accurrit: dicit, montem, quem a Labieno occupari voluerit, ab hostibus teneri; id se a Gallicis armis atque insignibus cognovisse. Cæsar suas copias in proximum collem subducit, aciem instruit. Labienus, ut erat ei præceptum a Cæsare ne prœlium committeret, nisi ipsius copiæ prope hostium castra visæ essent, ut undique uno tempore in hostes impetus fieret, monte occupato nostros expectabat prœlioque abstinebat. Multo denique die per exploratores Cæsar cognovit, et montem a suis teneri, et Helvetios castra movisse, et Considium, timore perterritum, quod non vidisset, pro viso sibi renunciasse. Eo die, quo consuerat intervallo, hostes sequitur, et millia passuum tria, ab eorum castris castra ponit.

Postridie ejus dici, quod omnino biduum supererat, cum exercitu frumentum metiri oporteret, et quod a Bibracte, oppido Æduorum longe maximo et copiosissimo, non amplius millibus passuum octodecim aberat, rei frumentariæ prospiciendum existimavit, iter ab Helvetiis avertit, ac Bibracte ire condendit. Ea res per fugitivos Lucii Æmilii, decurionis equitum Gallorum, hostibus nunciatur. Helvetii, seu, quod timore perterritos Romanos discedere a se existimarent, eo magis, quod pridie, superioribus locis occupatis, prœlium non commovissent; sive eo, quod re frumentaria intercludi posse confiderent: commutato consilio atque itinere converso, nostros a novissimo agmine insequi ac lacessere cœperunt.

TRANSLATION.

On the same day he was informed by spies that the enemy had encamped under a mountain, eight miles from their camp. He sends those who should learn what was the nature of the mountain, and also what the ascension in a circuit. It was reported to be easy. On the fourth watch he orders Titus Labienus as prætor, with two legions, and with those as leaders who knew the way to ascend to the highest peak of the mountain. He himself, on the fourth watch, hastens to them by the same route as the enemy had gone, and sends before him all his cavalry. Publius Considius, who was esteemed most skilled in military affairs, is sent forward with the

spies. By the first light, when the mountain was held by Labienus, he was not further distant from the camp of the enemy than a mile and a half; nor, as he afterward learned from the captives, was either his coming or that of Labienus known. Considius, with his horse at full speed, hastened up to him. He said the mountain which he wished to be held by Labienus was held by the enemy, and he knew it by the Gallic arms and standards. Cæsar led his forces to the next hill and drew them up in line of battle. Labienus, as had been commanded him by Cæsar not to engage in battle until our forces were seen too near the camp of the enemy, that an attack might be made upon the enemy at one time and from all sides, having taken the mount, abstained from battle and was awaiting orders. Late in the day Cæsar learned from spies that the mountain was held by his, and the Helvelii had moved their camp.

On the following day, when there remained only four days when the grain ought to be distributed to the army, and because he was not further than eighteen miles from Bibracte, the greatest and wealthiest town of the Eduii, he thought he ought to look out for a supply of corn, and changes his march from the Helvetii, and hastens to go to Bibracte. This thing is reported through deserters of Lucius Emilius, a leader of the Gallic cavalry. Helvettii thought that the Romans, either terrified with fear, had departed from them more by this, because the day before, having occupied a higher place, they did not engage in battle; or by this, because they thought they could be cut off from a supply of corn. Changing their plan, turning about the march, they begun to follow and attack ours from the rear guard.

C. C. CHADWICK.

Ea re impetrata, sese omnes flentes Cæsari ad pedes projecerunt; non minus se id contendere et laborare, ne ea, quæ dixissent, enunciarentur, quam uti ea, quæ vellent, impetrarent, propterea quod, si enunciatum esset, summum in cruciatum se venturos viderent. Locutus est pro his Divitiacus Æduus: Galliæ totius factiones esse duas: harum alterius principatum tenere Æduos, alterius Arvernos. Hi cum tantopere de potentatu inter se multos annos contenderent, factum esse uti ab Arvenis Sequanisque Germani mercede arcesserentur. Horum primo circiter millia quindecim Rhenum transisse: posteaquam agros, et cuitum, et copias Gallorum homines feri ac barbari adamassent, transductos plures: nunc esse in Gallia ad centum et viginti millium numerum: cum his Æduos eorumque clientes semel atque iterum armis contendisse; magnam calamitatem pulsos accepisse, omnem nobilitatem, omnem senatum, omnem equitatum amisisse. Quibus prœliis calamitatibusque fractos, qui et sua virtute, et Populi Romani hospitio atque amicitia, plurimum ante in Gallia potuissent, coactos esse Sequanis obsides dare, nobilissimos civitatis, et jurejurando civitatem obstringere, sese neque obsides repetituros, neque auxilium a Populo Romano imploraturos, neque recusaturos, quo minus perpetuo sub illorum ditione atque imperio essent. Unum se esse ex omni civitate Æduorum, qui adduci non potuerit, ut juraret, aut liberos suos obsides daret. Ob eam rem se ex civitate profugisse, et Romam ad senatum venisse, auxilium postulatum, quod solus neque jurejurando neque obsidibus teneretur. Sed pejus victoribus Sequanis, quam Æduis victis, accidisse: propterea quod Ariovistus, rex Germanorum, in eorum finibus consedisset, tertiamque partem agri Sequani, qui esset optimus totius Galliæ, occupavisset, et

nunc de altera parte tertia Sequanos decedere juberet; propterea quod, paucis mensibus ante, Harudum millia hominum viginti quatuor ad eum venissent; quibus locus ac sedes pararentur. Futurum esse paucis annis uti omnes ex Galliæ finibus pellerentur, atque omnes Germani Rhenum transirent: neque enim conferendum esse Gallicum cum Germanorum agro, neque hanc consuetudinem victus cum illa comparandam. Ariovistum autem, ut semel Gallorum copias prœlio vicerit, quod prœlium factum sit ad Magetobriam, superbe et crudeliter imperare, obsides nobilissimi cujusque liberos poscere, et in eos omnia exempla cruciatusque edere, si qua res non ad nutum aut ad voluntatem ejus facta sit.

TRANSLATION.

This thing having been obtained, they all threw themselves weeping at the feet of Cæsar, saying that they had striven and labored not less for this, that those things which they might say might not be divulged than that they might obtain those things which they wish, because if it should be divulged, they saw that they would come into very great punishment. In behalf of these, Divitiacus, the Æduan, said: "That the factions of all Gaul were two. Of one of these the Ædui held the principal place, of the other the Arverni. When these had contended with one another for many years concerning the rule, it happened that the Germans were hired (with a reward) by the Arverni and Sequani. At first about fifteen thousand of these had crossed the Rhine. After these barbarous and uncivilized men were pleased with the land, and culture, and resources of the Gauls, more had been led over. They are now in Gaul to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand. With these the Ædui and their allies had contended with arms time and again. They being defeated, had received a great loss, and had lost all their nobility, all their senators, and all their cavalry. Being subdued by these battles and losses, they, who on account of their own bravery, and because of the friendship and hospitality of the Roman people, had formerly been the most powerful in all Gaul, had been compelled to give as hostages to the Sequani the noblest of the state, and to bind the state by an oath that they would neither ask back the hostages, nor implore aid from the Roman people, nor refuse to be continually under their command and rule; that he was the only one of the whole state of the Ædui who could not be induced to take an oath or give his children as hostages, on account of which thing he had fled from the state, and had come to the senate at Rome to ask aid, because he alone could be held neither by an oath nor by hostages. But a worse thing had happened to the victorious Sequani than to the conquered Ædui, because Ariovistus, the king of the Germans, had settled in their territory, and had occupied a third part of the Sequanian country, which is the best of all Gaul, and had then (now) ordered the Sequani to depart from another third part, because a few months before the twenty-four thousand of the Harudes had come to him, for whom a place and settlements must be prepared; that in a few years it would happen that all would be driven from the boundaries of Gaul, and all the Germans would cross the Rhine; for neither was the Gallic land to be compared with the Germans', nor (this custom of living to be compared with that.) Moreover, Ariovistus, as soon as he had conquered the forces of the Gauls in battle,

which battle was fought near Magetobria, ordered them proudly and cruelly, and demanded the children of each most illustrious person as hostages, and put forth upon them all manner of tortures if any thing was not done according to his nod or will," etc.

O. D. McHENRY.

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